threats. I began with a warning that unless the crowd kept quiet I would not speak at all, and they might miss some points they would like to hear. Then I declined to discuss politics with my accuser. "You soldiers know me well enough," I said. "I shall not waste time in answering this individual. The question that troubles you is who sent the troops to Petrograd. I sent them."

Then I described the situation in Petrograd, stressing that civil war threatened to engulf the nation. And I concluded, "I have called and am calling on all of you to rescue the All-Russian Executive Committee, the highest revolutionary authority in the nation. It has not relinquished its office. It has called on the army for support, and I will do my best to bring its appeal to the men on the Northern Front."

The Mensheviks and S-R in the front rows applauded enthusiastically, but the great majority of the audience kept a sullen silence. After a pause, I said to the chairman that I believed the meeting could now discuss its business without me. I stepped down from the stage and started down the central aisle toward the entrance door.

When I was at the middle of the hall, someone screamed, "Hold him! He is going to send more troops to Petrograd." The crowd in front of me stiffened. Other voices shouted, "Kill him!" A few men tried to come to my rescue but were held back by others.

Feeling I was less safe in the midst of the excited mob, I returned to the stage. Angry cries raged about me, but something restrained the mob from violence. Back on the stage, I faced the hall and stretched out my arm. The noise subsided. I said that I had intended to leave the theater because I believed there was no longer any need for my presence. If there were still questions the meeting wanted to discuss with me, I would stay for a while, but not too long.

I sat down close to the chairman's table, but my bluff had not deceived the crowd. Two soldiers with fixed bayonets appeared behind my chair. I was under arrest. The situation was not encouraging, although it did not seem as alarming to me as it did to Emma, who, I learned later, was watching from the rear of the theater. She had worried about my long absence and persuaded an officer from the Iskosol who came to my office to take her to the hall. He warned her of the danger to which she would expose herself as the only woman in an excited and hostile crowd, and made her promise she would keep still no matter what happened. "A movement, an outcry from you may provoke an outburst," he told her. "Then they may tear you and your husband to pieces." I could not see her in the rear of the hall, but she had seen my unsuccessful attempt to get through the seething crowd although she did not betray her presence.

My accuser, maddened by my remarks about him, resumed his vituperation, when two artillery soldiers stepped from behind the